

you wait. Gave them the whole spiel. Starting with "You must watch, ladies in coloring the face, to have the tint match that of the ears," and ending with—"the price of the package is only 75 cents, with full directions for beautifying yourself like a morning in May." I had it down pat by this time.

"Himpi!" said pa. "I'm proud

to think your mother never cared to desecrate her scenery with cost-emetics!"

But ma didn't say much. She just slanted at the Caluiflower Cosmetics with a strange glitter in her eyes. Admitted it was all very interesting and maybe she'd stop in at Taffeta & Balgriggan's and see me demonstrate—it must be real interesting.

(Continued.)

N. Y. CHEF TELLS FOUR WAYS TO PICK YOUR TURKEY

M. Emil Bailly chef of the Hotel St. Regis, one of New York's extra gilded hotels says that the



perfect turkey must not weigh less than 10 pounds. Smaller ones are liable to become dry when roasted to the proper tenderness, he says.

Then this chef gives four signs by which even the amateur marketer may know a really good

M. Bailly. turkey.

The wings of a young turkey are soft and pliable, pull them gently and you will see.

If you want to be sure that a turkey is of this year's raising feel of the feet. These must be supple and the legs smooth and black.

If you want to know that the turkey you have selected is really young, press gently upon the breast-bone. This should not be rigid. Then next turn to the

head. Look at its eyes. If the bird has been recently killed, these should be bright, even though glazed, and they must not be deep sunken.

These tests should be made by every good housewife and are infallible.

Even in the land of France, from which the chef of St. Regis came, there is no better way known of singeing the fowl than the good old-fashioned one of going over it well with a lighted twist of heavy paper.

M. Bailly then goes on to say that in preparing the turkey, remove the wish-bone and empty the insides from the top—and be sure that the cleaning process is thorough.

After the bird is dressed, the wings must be turned under and skewered in place. Another skewer should hold both legs together.

A prize fighter named Rinse has been unearthed. Sort of a white man's soap, perhaps?